

Mr. Barry in the Character of Othello.



This only is the Witchcraft I have us'd.
Act I. Scene 3.

Published by J. Wenman Feb. 1777.

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O T H E L L O,

THE

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MOOR OF VENICE.

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

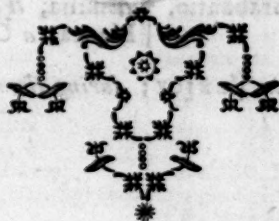
I N

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

Shakspeare (w.)

16



L O N D O N :

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other Booksellers in Town and Country.

M DCC LXXVII.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Duke of Venice.
 Brabantio, a Noble Venetian.
 Gratiano, Brother to Brabantio.
 Lodovico, Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.
 Othello, the Moor, General of the Venetians in Cyprus.
 Cassio, his Lieutenant-General.

Iago, Standard-Bearer to Othello,
 Rodorigo, a foolish Gentleman, in love with Desdemona.
 Montano, the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.
 Clown, Servant to the Moor.
 Herald.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, and Attendants.



W O M E N.

Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello. || Emilia, Wife to Iago.
 Bianca, a Courtesan, Mistress to Cassio.

SCENE, for the first Act, in VENICE; during the rest of the Play, in CYPRUS.

OTHELLO.

ACT I.

SCENE, a Street in VENICE.

Enter Rodorigo and Iago.

Iago. BUT you'll not hear me.

Rod. Never tell me, I take it much unkindly,

That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.

Iago. If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou did'st hold him in thy
Iago. Despise me, [hate.

If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-cap'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I'm worth no worse a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purpose,
Non-suits my mediators; "For certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer."

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio;—(the Florentine's
A fair fellow, almost damn'd in a fair phiz;)
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster;

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be, [ent.
And I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's Ancient.

Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his

Iago. Now, Sir, be judge yourself, [hangman.
If I in any just term am assign'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. Oh, Sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart,
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For daws to peck at; I'm not what I seem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight;
Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen;
Tho' his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house. I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, a fire
Is spied in populous cities. [ho!

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! ho, thieves!
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughters, and your bags.

Brabantio appears above at a window.

Bra. What is the matter, there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are all your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, you're robb'd:

You have lost half your soul;

Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram

Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise,

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the devil will make a grandfire of you.

Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend Signior, do you know my

Bra. Not I: What are you? [voice?

Rod. My name is Rodorigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:

I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,

My daughter's not for thee. And now in madness

Dost thou come, to start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir;—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What, tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
My house is not a grange. [Voice;

Rod. Most brave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul, I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you'll have your daughter cover'd with
a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephew neigh to
you; you'll have courtesiers for cousins.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast
with two backs.

Bra. Thou art—a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator. [Iago.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee Rodo-

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech
Straight satisfy yourself. [you,

If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Give me a taper;—call up my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light; I say, light!

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)

Against the Moor. For I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
Which e'en now stand in act, that, for their souls,

As

Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their business. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him, as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
(Which is, indeed, but sign.) That you may surely
find him

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;

And there will I be with him.

[Exit.

Enter Brabantio, and Servants with Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is!

Now, Rodorigo,

Where didst thou see her? oh! unhappy girl;

With the Moor, saidst thou?

How didst thou know 'twas he?

Get more tapers.

Raise all my kindred—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! how got she out?

Oh treason of my blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters minds

By what you see them act. Are there not charms

By which the property of youth and maidhood

May be abus'd? Have you not read, Rodorigo,

Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother:

Some one way, some another—Do you know

Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please

To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At ev'ry house I'll call,

I may command at most; get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of might:

Oh, good Rodorigo, I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to another Street before the Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with Torches.

Iago. Tho' in the trade of war I have slain men,

Yet do I hold it base and infamous,

To do a contriv'd murder;—Nine or ten times

I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. It's better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms,
Against your honour;

That, with the little godliness I have,

I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,

Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,

That the magnifico is much below'd,

And hath in his effect a voice potential

As double as the duke's: he will divorce you,

Or put upon you what restraint or grievance

The law (with all it's might t'enforce it on)

Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:

My services which I have done the Signory,

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,

(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,

I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being

From men of royal siege! and my demerits

May speak, and bonneted, to as proud a fortune

As this that I have reach'd. For know, Iago,

But that I love the gentle Desdemona,

I would not my unhoused free condition

Put into circumscription and confine, [yonder?

For the sea's worth. But look! what lights come

Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:

You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,

Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenants
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Caf. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post haste appearance,
Ev'n on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Caf. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
You have been hotly call'd for.

When, being not at your lodgings to be found,
The senate sent above three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:

I will but spend a word here in the house,

And go with you. [Exit Othello.

Caf. Ancient, what makes he here? [rack:

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land car-
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caf. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Caf. To whom?

Iago. Marry, to—Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caf. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers and Torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio: General, be advis'd,

He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief.

[They draw on both sides.

Iago. You Rodorigo! come, Sir, I am for you—

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
will rust them.

Good Signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense!

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy cull'd darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, t'incure a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight?

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest.

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it:

Without a prompter. Where will you I go

To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time

Of law, and course of direct session,

Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey!

How may the duke be therewith satisfied,

Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the state,

To bring me to him?

Caf. True, most worthy Signior,

The duke's in council; and your noble self,

I'm sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council

In this time of the night? bring him away.

Mine's not an idle cause. The duke himself,

Or any of my brothers of the state,

Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pageants shall our statemen be. [Ex.]

SCENE changes to the Senate-house.

Duke and Senators set at a Table, with Lights and Attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they're disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred;
But though they jump not on a just account,
Yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.

Enter Officer.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now!—What's the business?

Mess. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes,
So 'twas bid report here to the state.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. 'Tis a pageant,

To keep us in false gaze.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

2 Mess. The Ottomites (reverend and gracious)
Steering, with due course, towards the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet—

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought; how many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes towards Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus: Marcus
Is he not here in town? [Luccios,

Sen. He's now in Florence. [patch.

Duke. Write from us to him, post, post-haste, dis-

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

To them enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Ro-

dorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must strait employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior: [To Bra.
We lack'd your council and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why! what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. To me;

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines, bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Sans witheraft could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
And your own sense; yea, tho' our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.

Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke. We're very sorry for't.

What in your own part can you say to this? [To

Bra. Nothing, but it is so.

[Othello.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approv'd good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little blest'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at itself: and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on—
I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures pow'rful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof.

Othello, speak;

Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I beseech you,

Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report;
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither. [Ex. two or three.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the
place. [Exit Iago.

And, till she come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.

I ran through, e'en from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly
Of being taken by the insolent foe, [breach;
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence;
Of battles bravely, hardly fought; of victories
For which the conqueror mourn'd, so many fell:
Sometimes I told the story of a siege,
Wherein I had to combat, plagues and famines;
Soldiers unpaid; fearful to fight,
Yet bold in dangerous mutiny.

These to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But that the hostile affairs would draw her thence,

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively: I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore, "In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing

"strange,
 " 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful."——
 She wish'd she had not heard it;—yet she wish'd,
 That heav'n had made her such a man:—she thank'd;
 And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them:
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter,
 [To—]
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best;
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Enter Desdemona, &c.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak;
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress;
 Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
 Where you most owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty.
 To you I'm bound for life and education;
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you. You're the lord of duty;
 I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband;
 And so much duty as my mother shew'd
 To you, preferring you before her father;
 So much I challenge, that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. I have done.
 I had rather adopt a child than get it.
 Come hither, Moor:
 I here do give thee that with all my heart,
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee.
 I'm glad at soul I have no other child;
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
 Which as a grise, or step, may help those lovers
 Into your favour——

When remedies are past the griefs are ended;
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended:
 To mourn a mischief, that is past and gone,
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

Bra. Beseech your grace on to the affairs o' th' state.

Duke. The Turk, with a most mighty preparation,
 makes for Cyprus: Othello, the fortitude of
 the place is best known to you. You must there-
 fore be content to slubber the gloss of your new for-
 tunes, with this more stubborn and bold'rous expe-
 dition.

Orb. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war

My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
 A natural and prompt alacrity
 I find in hardiness; and do undertake
 This present war against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reverence of place and exhibition;
 With such accommodation and besort
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Orb. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts
 By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
 To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
 And let me find a charter in your voice
 To assist my simplicity.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
 My downright violence and storm of fortunes
 May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
 Even to the very quality of lord;
 I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
 And to his honours and his valiant parts
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate:
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind
 A month of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me:
 And I a heavy interim shall support,
 By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Orb. Your voices, lords; beseech you, let her will
 Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite;
 Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
 In my distinct and proper satisfaction;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
 And heav'n defend your good souls, that you think
 I will your serious and great business scant
 For she is with me—No, when light-wing'd toys
 Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness
 My speculative and offic'd instruments;
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business;
 Let all indign and hate adversities
 Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Or for her stay or going; th' affair cries haste:
 And speed must answer. You must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Orb. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.
 Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you;
 And such things else of quality and respect,
 As doth import you.

Orb. Please your grace, my Ancient;
 (A man he is of honesty and trust)
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.

Good night to every one. And, noble signior,
 If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see,
 She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[Exit Duke, with Senators.]

Orb. My life upon her faith—Honest Iago,
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
 I pray thee, let thy wife attend on her;
 And bring her after in the best advantage.

Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour

Of love, of wordly matter and direction,
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. *[Exit.]*

Manent Rodorigo and Iago.

Rod. Iago—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee

after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a Guineahen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig: 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Come, be a man: drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have profest me thy friend, and I could never better steal thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou these vares; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me—Go, make money—I have told thee often, and I tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou can'st cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure and me a sport. Traverse, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, Rodorigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am chang'd; I'll go sell all my land. *[Exit.]*

Manet Iago.

Iago. Go to, farewell, put money enough in your purse.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I my own gain'd knowledge should prophane,
If I should time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not, if't be true—
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well—
The better shall my purpose work on him;
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;—
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery—How? how?—let's see—
After some time, t' abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife.—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
As asses are:

I hav't—it is ingendered—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit.]

A C T II.

SCENE, the capital City of Cyprus.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. THANKS to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor: oh, let the
Give him defence against the elements, —[heav'n's
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A fail, a fail, a fail!

Cas. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on th' brow o' th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a fail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[Guns within.]

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

[Exit.]

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragon description and wild fame.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who has put in?

Gent. It is one Iago, Ancient to the general.

Cas. He's had most favourable and happy speed;
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she?

Cas. She that I spoke of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Emilia.

O behold!

The riches of the ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady; and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—how lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and sky
Parted our fellowship. But hark, a fail! *[Guns within.]*
Within.] A fail! a fail!

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news:

Good Ancient you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.

[To Emilia.]

Let us not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extended my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith too much.

I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so. *[doors,]*

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your

Des. O, lie upon thee, slanderer! [beds.]

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Amil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou
should'st praise me?

Iago. Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I'm nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come, one essay. There's one gone to the
Cas. Ay, Madam. [harbour?]

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise;

What praise could thou bestow on a deserving wo-
man, indeed?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her swift, and yet said, now I may;
She that, when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
Hav'd suitors following, and not look behind,
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were)—*

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small-beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do
not learn of him, Emilia, tho' he be thy husband.
How say you, Cassio, is he not a most prophane and
liberal censurer.

Cas. He speaks home, Madam; you may relish
him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [Aside.] He takes her by the palm; ay,
well said—whisper.—With as little a web as this,
will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile
upon her, do—I will give thee in thine own court-
ship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.—If such tricks
as these strip you out of your lieutenantancy, it had
been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so
soft. The Moor—I know his trumpet.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello.

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have weaken'd death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n. If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heav'n's forbid,
But that our loves and comfort should encrease,
Ev'n as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers;
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords be, [Kissing
her.]
That e'er our hearts shall make.

Iago. Oh, you are well tun'd now; but I'll let
down the pegs that make this music, as honest as I
am. [Aside.]

Oth. Now, friends, our wars are done; the Turks
are drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?

Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus,

I've found great love amongst them. Oh, my sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote

In my own comfort. Prythee, good Iago,

Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:

Bring thou the master to the citadel.

He is a good one, and his worthiness

Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[Exit Othello and Desdemona.]

Manet Iago and Rodorigo.

Iago. Come hither, Rodorigo, if thou be'st vali-
ant; list me; the lieutenant to-night watches on the
court of guard. First, I must tell thee this; Desde-
mona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible!

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy soul be
instructed. Mark me with what violence she first
lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her
fantastical lies. And will she love him still for
parting? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her
eye must be fed. And what delight shall she
have to look on the devil!

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most
blest condition.

Iago. Bles'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is
made of grapes. If she had been blest'd, she would
never have lov'd the Moor: Bles'd pudding! did'st
thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand?
did'st not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did, but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lethery, by this hand; an index, an ob-
scure prologue to the history of lust, and foul
thoughts. Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought
you from Venice. Watch you to night; for the
command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you
not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find some
occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too
loud, or taunting his discipline, or from what
other course you please, which the time shall more
favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler;
and, haply, may strike at you. Provoke him, that
he may; for even of that will I cause those of Cy-
prus to mutiny: whose qualification shall come into
no true taste again, but by displanting of Cassio.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to an op-
portunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at
the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore.
Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.]

Manet Iago.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I love her too,
Not out of absolute lust, (tho', peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin;) But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect, the lusty Moor
Hath leapt into my seat. The thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, or shall content my soul,
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb;

(For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too.)
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass;
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness. 'Tis here---but yet confus'd:
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [Exit.]

S C E N E, the Castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night,
 Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do:
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
 Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest:
 Michael, good night. To-morrow, with your earliest,
 Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,
 The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
 That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
 Good night. [Exit Othello, and Desdemona.]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten
 o'clock. Our General cast us thus early for the
 love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore
 blame; he hath not yet made the wanton night with
 her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has? methinks, it sounds
 a parley to provocation. [modest.]

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection. [love?]

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets; come,
 lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here with-
 out are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain
 have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor
 and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish,
 courteously would invent some other custom of enter-
 tainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends; but one cup;
 I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drank but one cup to-night, and that
 was craftily qualified too: and, behold, what inno-
 vation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the in-
 firmity, and dare not task my weakness with any
 more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels, the
 gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Within; I pray you call them hither.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
 With that which he hath drank to-night already,
 He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
 As my young mistress's dog.——
 Now, my sick fool, Rodorigo,
 Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
 To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
 Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
 Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
 (That hold their honours in a wary distance,
 The very elements of this warlike isle)
 Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
 As to put our Cassio in some action [drunkards,
 That may offend the isle. But here they come.
 If consequence do but approve my deem,
 My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse
 already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not past a pint,
 as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago sings.]

And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a span:

Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn't it in England; where, indeed, they
 are most potent in potting. Your Dane, your Ger-
 man, and your swag-belly'd Hollander——Drink,
 ho!——are nothing to your English. [sing?]

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drink-

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane
 dead drunk. He sweats not to overthrow your
 Almain. He gives your Hollander a vomit, ere
 the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you

Iago. Oh sweet England. [justice.]

King Stephen was, and a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them six-pence all too dear,

With that he call'd the taylor down.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the

Iago. Will you hear't again? [other.]

Cas. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his
 place, that does those things. Well——Heaven's
 above all; and there be souls that must be saved,
 and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, (no offence to the Ge-
 neral, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The
 Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's
 have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive
 our sins——Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do
 not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my An-
 cient, this is my right-hand, and this is my left.
 I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and
 I speak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then: you must not think
 then that I am drunk. [Exit.]

Remain Iago and Montano.

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, Rodorigo; I pray you after the
 lieutenant. Go. [Exit Rodorigo.]

You see this fellow, that is gone before;
 He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar,
 And give direction. And do but see his vice;
 'Tis to his virtues a just equinox,
 The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pity of him;
 I fear, the trust Othello puts him in.
 On some odd time of his infirmity
 Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.

Mont. It were well

The General were put in mind of it:

Perhaps, he fees it not; or his good nature
 Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
 And looks not on his evils.

And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
 Should hazard such a place as his own second,
 With one of an ingraft infirmity;

It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island;
I do love *Cassio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noise?

[*Within.* Help! Help!

Re-enter Cassio, pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You rogue, you rascal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave, teach me my duty! I'll beat the
knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me—

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him.
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you over the

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk. [mazzard.

Cas. Drunk! [They fight.

Iago. Away, I say, go out and cry mutiny.

[Exit Rodorigo.

Nay, good lieutenant—Sir—Montano—

Help, masters! here's a goodly watch indeed—

Who's that, who rings the bell— [Bell rings.

Lieutenant! hold:

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Orb. What is the matter here?

Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold,—the general speaks. [this?

Orb. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth
Are we turn'd Turks? and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light: he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the life

From her propriety. What is the matter?

Honest *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, even now

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Divesting them for bed; and then, but now—

(As if some planet had unwitting men;)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breasts,

In opposition bloody. I can't speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds,

And, would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it.

Orb. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

Orb. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil:

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted; and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night brawler? give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;

Your officers, *Iago*, can inform you, [me,

While I spare speech, which something now offends

Of all that I do know: nor know I ought

By me that's said or done amiss this night;

Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,

And to defend ourselves it be a sin,

When violence assails us.

Orb. Now, by heav'n,

If I once stir,

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began; who set it on;

And he that is approv'd in this offence,

Tho' he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall lose me.—What, and in a town of war,

Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,

To manage private and domestic quarrel!

In night, and on the court of guard and safety!

'Tis monstrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?

Mont. If partially assur'd, or leagu'd in office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:

I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,

Than it should do offence to Michael *Cassio*;

Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General;

Montano and myself, being in speech,

There comes a fellow crying out for help,

And *Cassio* following with determin'd sword,

To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman

Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause;

Myself the crying fellow did pursue,

Left by his clamour (as it so fell out)

The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,

Out-ran my purpose: I return'd, the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

And *Cassio* high in oath; which till to-night

I ne'er might say before. When I came back,

(For this was brief) I found them close together

At blow and thrust; even as again they were,

When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report.

But men are men; the best sometimes forget:

Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,

Yet, surely, *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd

From him that fled some strange indignity,

Which patience could not pass.

Orb. I know, *Iago*,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,

Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee,

But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter Desdemona, attended.

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:

I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Orb. All is well, sweeting, come to bed.

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.

Lead him off.

Iago, look with care about the town,

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the soldiers' life,

To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exit.

Manent Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh, I

have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal

part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My re-

putation! *Iago*, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had

received some bodily wound: there is more sense in

that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle,

and most false imposition; oft got without merit,

and lost without deserving. You have lost no re-

putation at all, unless you repute yourself such a

loser. What, man—there are ways to recover the

General again. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to de-

ceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drun-

ken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk, and speak?

parrot, and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse

fast with one's own shadow? oh, thou invincible

spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known

by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with the sword? What had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Caf. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caf. It has pleas'd the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. I could heartily wish this had not befallen: but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard!—Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!—every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our General's wife is now the General; importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than is requested.

Caf. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Caf. Good-night, honest Iago. [Exit Cassio.]

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that says, I play a villain—Now, while this honest fool [lain?

Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor;
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust:
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all. How now, Rodorigo!

Enter Rodorigo.

Rad. I follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think, the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time:

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio;
Does it not go well?

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter;

Nay, get thee gone;

[Exit Rodorigo.]

Two things are to be done;

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress:

I'll set her on:

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife—ay, that's the way:

Dull not device, by coldness and delay. [Exit.]

A C T III.

S C E N E changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. BE thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I know it grieves my
As if the cause were his. [husband]

Des. Oh, that's an honest fellow; doubt not, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Caf. Most bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you; you do love my lord,
You've known him long; and, be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Caf. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place.
Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago, at a Distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Caf. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay and hear me speak.

Caf. Madam, not now: I'm very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. Hah! I like not that—

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord?—no, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord;
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good, my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face,
I pry'thee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. In sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Orb. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Orb. Not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Orb. I shall not dine at home:

I meet the captain at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn,

Or Tuesday noon, or night, or Wednesday morn,

I prythee, name the time; but let it not

Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:

When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

What you would ask me, that I would deny.

What, Michael Cassio!

That came a wooing with you, and many a time,

When I have spoke of you displeasingly,

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

To bring him in! trust me, I could do much——

Orb. Prythee, no more; let him come when he
I will deny thee nothing. [will,

Whereon I do beseech you grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Orb. Farewell my Desdemona, I'll come straight.

Des. Emilia, come; be as your fancies teach you:

Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exeunt.

Manent Othello and Iago.

Orb. Excellent wench!—Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord——

Orb. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my
Know of your love? [lady,

Orb. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

Orb. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

Orb. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Orb. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught
Is he not honest? [of that?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Orb. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Orb. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!——

Orb. Think, my lord! why, by heav'n thou echo'st
As if there was some monster in thy thought, [me;
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now, *thou lik'st not that*——

When Cassio left my wife. What did'st not like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel,

In my whole course of wooing; thou cry'st, *indeed!*

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain,

Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Orb. I think thou dost:

And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:

For such things, in a false disloyal-knave,

Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,

They're cold distillations working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Orb. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem,

Or those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

Orb. Certain; men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think, Cassio's an honest man.

Orb. Nay, yet there's more in this;

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst

Of thoughts the worst of words.

Iago. Good, my lord, pardon me,

Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to;

Utter my thoughts!—Why, say they're vile and false;

As where's that palace whereinto foul things

Sometimes intrude not?

Orb. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his
A stranger to thy thoughts. [ear

Iago. I do beseech you,

Though I perchance am vicious in my guess——

(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague

To spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not;) I intreat you then,

Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble

Out of my scattering and unsure observance:

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,

To let you know my thoughts.

Orb. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man, and woman, dear my

Is the immediate jewel of their souls. [thing,

Who steals my purse, steals trash: 'tis something, no—

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Orb. I'll know thy thoughts——

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Orb. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy:

It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth make

The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;

But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,

Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Orb. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content, 'is rich and rich enough;

But riches endless, is as poor as winter,

To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Good heav'n! the souls of all my tribe defend

From jealousy!

Orb. Why! why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy?

To follow still the changes of the moon

With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,

Is once to be resolv'd.

'Tis not to make me jealous,

To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;

Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.

Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw

The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt:

For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,

I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;

And on the proof, there is no more but this,

Away at once with love, and jealousy.

Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I shall have reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you

With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,

Receive it from me, I speak not yet of proof.

Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio,

Wear your eye thus; not jealous, not secure;

I would not have your free and noble nature

Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't,

I know our country disposition well ;
In Venice they do let heav'n see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands ; their best con-
science

Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marry you ;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to, then !

She that so young, could give out such a seeming
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak——
He thought 'twas witchcraft——but I'm much to
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon, [blame :
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has :

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But, I do see you're mov'd——
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, not to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
My lord, I see, you're mov'd—— [friend.

Oth. No, not much mov'd——

I do not think but Desdemona's honest. [so !

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think

Oth. And yet, how nature errs from itself——

Iago. Ay, there's the point ;——as (to be bold with
Not to affect many proposed matches [you)

Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends :

Foh ! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.

But, pardon me, I do not in position

Distinctly speak of her ; tho' I may fear

Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,

May fall to match you with her country forms,

And, haply, so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewell ;

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :

Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.

Oth. Why did I marry ?

This honest creature, doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would I might intreat your honour

To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time :

Altho' 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,

For, sure, he fills it up with great ability ;

Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,

You shall by that perceive him, and his means ;

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment

With any strong or vehement opportunity ;

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears,

(As worthy cause I have to fear I am ;)

And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit Iago.

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,

And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have ; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much——

She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loath her. Oh, the curse of marriage !

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites ; I had rather be a toad,

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,

Than keep a corner in the thing I love,

For other's use. Desdemona comes !

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, oh, then heav'n mocks itself ;

I'll not believe't.

Des. How, now, my dear Othello !

Your dinner, and the generous Islanders

By you invited, do attend your presence,

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly ?

Are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead, here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour [again :

It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little ;

[She drops her handkerchief.

Let it alone ; come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well. [Exit.

Manet Emilia.

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin here :

This was her first remembrance from the Moor :

My wayward husband hath a hundred times

Woo'd me to steal it. But she loves the token,

(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)

That she reserves it evermore about her,

To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,

And giv't Iago ; what he'll do with it,

Heav'n knows, not I ;

Nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now, what do you do here alone ?

Emil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me !

It is a common thing——

Emil. Ha !

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. Oh, is that all ! what would you give me

For that same handkerchief ? [now

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Emil. What handkerchief !

Why that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;

That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her ?

Emil. No ; but she let it drop by negligence ;

And, to th' advantage, I being here took't up :

Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, you have been so

To have me filch it ? [earnest

Iago. Why, what is that to you ? [Snatching it.

Emil. If't be not for some purpose of import,

Giv't me again. Poor lady, she'll run mad

When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't :

I have use for it. Leave me——Go—— [Exit Emilia.

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,

And let him find it. Trifles light as air

Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong

As proofs of holy writ. This may do something,

The Moor already changes with my poison :

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora,

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,

Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,

Which thou owd'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha! false to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General? No more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou'st fet me on the rack.

I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,

Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stol'n hours of lust;

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;

I slept the next night well; was free and merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,

Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this!

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp

(Pioneers and all) had tasted her sweet body,

So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever

Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!

Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,

That make ambition virtue! oh, farewell!

Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,

The royal banner, and all quality,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

And, oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats

Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,

Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;

Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof, [*Catechizing*

Or, by the worth of my eternal soul, (*bold on him.*)

Thou hadst better have been born a dog, a dog, Iago,

Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,

To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,

Never pray more, abandon all remorse;

On horror's head horrors accumulate;

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;

For nothing canst thou to damnation add,

Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!

Are you a man? have you a soul? or sense?

God be w'you; take my office. O wretched fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!

Oh monstrous world! take note, take note, oh world,

To be direct and honest, is not safe;

I thank you for this profit, and from hence

I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay—thou should'st be honest—

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,

And loses what it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think, my wife is honest; and think, she is not;

I think, that thou art just; and think thou art not?

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh

As Diana's visage, is now begrim'd and black

As my own face. If there be cords or knives,

Poison or fire, or suffocating steams,

I'll not endur't—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion;

I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied!

Oth. Would! nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?

Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on?

Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,

To bring 'em to that prospect: damn them, then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster

More than their own. What then, how then?

What shall I say? where's satisfaction?

It is impossible he should see this,

Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkies,

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross

As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,

If imputation and strong circumstances,

Which lead directly to the door of truth,

Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;

But since I'm enter'd in this cause so far,

Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep.—

There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;

One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet Desdemona,

"Let us be wary, let us hide our loves?"

And then, Sir, would he gripe and wring my hand;

Cry,—"Oh sweet creature!" and then kiss me

As if he pluckt up kisses by the roots, [hard,

And grew upon my lips; then lay his leg

O'er my thigh, and sigh and kiss, and then

Cry, "Curst fate! that gave thee to the Moor."

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;

She may be honest yet—Tell me but this,

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,

Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,

(I'm sure it was your wife's) did I to-day

See Cassio wipe his face with.

Oth. If it be that—

Iago. If it be that, or any, that was her's,

It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives!

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Now do I see, 'tis true.—Look here, Iago.

All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:

'Tis gone!

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!

Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate! swell bosom, with thy fraught,

For 'tis of aspics tongues

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood—

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may

Oth. Never, Iago. Like the Pontick sea, [change,

Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on,

To the Propontick, and the Hellespont:

Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up—Now, by yond marble heav'n,

In the due rev'rence of a sacred vow, [*He kneels.*

I here engage my words—

Iago. Do not rise yet:

[*Iago kneels.*

Witness you ever-burning lights above!

You elements that clip us round about!

Witness, that here Iago doth give up

The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To wrong'd Othello's service. Let him command,
And not to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love, [teous,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bound-
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh damn her, damn
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw [her!
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my lieutenant—

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.
S C E N E, an Apartment in the same Castle.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, *Æmil*—
Æmil. I know not, Madam. [lia?

Des. Believe me, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he! I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

Enter Othello. [semble.

Oth. Well, my good lady. Oh, hardness to dis-
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my Lord. [lady.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist—this hand of your's requires
A sequester from liberty; fasting and prayer;
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels; 'tis a good hand,
A very frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;

For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hands of old gave hearts;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this; come, now your pro-

Oth. What promise, chuck? [mise.

Des. I've sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me:
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not!

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read [it,
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father
Intirely to her love; but, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't;—
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it;
A Sylph that had numbered in the world

Of the sun's course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury few'd the work:
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd, of maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to heav'n that I had never seen't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is't out of the

Des. Bless us! [way?

Oth. Say you!

Des. It is not lost; but what, and if it were?

Oth. Hal!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, Sir, but I will not now:

This is a trick to put me from my suit.

Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again. [gives—

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief—my mind mis-

Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient

Oth. The handkerchief— [man.

Des. A man, that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. In sooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away!— [Exit Othello.

Manent Desdemona and Emilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:
Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis the must do't;
And lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio, what's the news with

Cas. Madam, my former suit. [you?

Des. Alas! good Cassio,

My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;

And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry! I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the Devil, from his very arm
Pust his own brother; yet he stood unmov'd:
And can he be angry!

Something of moment then; I'll go meet him:

There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [Exit.

Manent Desdemona, Emilia, and Cassio.

Des. I pray thee do so—Something, sure, of state,
From Venice,

Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object.

Æmil. Pray heav'n, it be

State matter, as you think; and no conception
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for a cause;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heav'n keep that monster from Othello's

Æmil. Lady, amen. [mind!

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,

And seek t'effect it to my uttermost.

Caf. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Ex. Desf. and Æmil. at one door, Caf. at the other.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, a Court before the Palace.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. **W**ILL you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago!

Iago. What to kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm!

Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil;

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief—

Oth. What then? [her's,

Iago. Why then, 'tis her's, my lord; and, being
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectrix of her honour, too:

May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not:

But for the handkerchief—

Oth. By heav'n, I would most gladly have forgot it:
Thou said'st—oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected house,
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I said, I had seen him do you wrong!
Or heard him say, (as knaves must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lye—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her—what you will—

Oth. Lie with her! lye on her! lye with her!—
That's fullsome.

I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago, this night; I'll
not expostulate with her, lest her body and her
beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed,
Even in the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:

The justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker:
You shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good:—what trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico.
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants from
the Palace.*

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the instruments of their pleasures.

Desf. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior,
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you, how does lieutenant Cassio?
In o. Lives, Sir.

Desf. There's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Desf. My lord!—

Lod. *This fail you not to do, as you will—* [*Reads.*]
Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Desf. A most unhappy one; I would do much
T'atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Desf. My lord!

Oth. Are you wife?

Desf. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him.

For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Desf. Trust me, I'm glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Desf. My lord!

Oth. I'm glad to see you mad.

Desf. Why, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil!—

[*Striking her.*]

Desf. I have not deserved this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Tho' I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:

Out of my sight—

Desf. I will not stay to offend you.

[*Going.*]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady.

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress—

Desf. My lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir.

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay, you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient; as you say, obedient:
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—
Concerning this, Sir,—oh, well painted passion!—
I am commanded home—get you away,
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice—Hence, avaunt!—
[*Exit Desdemona.*]

Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to-night
I do intreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus—
Goats and monkeys!

Manent Lodovico and Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, who our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? this the nature,
Which passion could not shake?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet, would I
That stroke would prove the worst. [knew

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known.

Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry that I was deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then!

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Æmil. Never.

[nothing?]

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange!

Æmil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest, Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other, Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom. If any wretch hath put this in your head, Let heav'n requite it with the serpent's curse! For if she be not honest, chaste, and true, There's no man happy; the purest of their wives Is foul as slander.

Oth. Did her come hither, go. [Exit Æmilia.] She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore, A closet-lock and key of villainous secrets; And yet she'll kneel and pray: I've seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress, Leave procreants alone, and shut the door, Cough, or cry hem, if any body come. Your mystery, your mystery---nay, dispatch.

[Exit Æmilia.]

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech im- Understand a fury in your words, [port?]

But not your words.

Oth. Why! what are thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord! your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself; lest, being like one

Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee. Therefore be doubly damn'd: swear thou art honest.

Des. Heav'n doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,

That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord?

With whom? how am I false?

Oth. Ah, Desdemona! away, away, away—

Des. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord!

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction, had it rain'd

All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty, to the very lips,

Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience. But, alas! to make me

A fix'd figure for the hand of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at—

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.

But there, where I have garnish'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from which my current runs, Or else dries up; to be discarded thence; Or keep it, as a cistern for foul toads To knot and gender in: Turn thy complexion there, Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubim; Ay, there, look grim as hell.

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest?

Oth. Oh, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles, That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed! Who art so lovely, fair, and smell'st so sweet, That the sense aches at thee—

Would thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book, Made to write whore upon? What committed?—

—Oh, thou public commoner!

Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks; The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets, Is hush'd within the hollow ring of earth, And will not hear't. What committed!—impudent strumpet!

Des. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord From any other foul, unlawful touch, Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore!

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. I cry your mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice, That married with Othello.

Enter Æmilia.

You, mistress,

That have the office opposite to St. Peter,

And keep the gate of hell; you! you! ay, you!

We have done our course, there's money for your pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [Exit.]

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive? How do you, Madam? how do you, my good lady?

Good Madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom, Æmilia?

Æmil. Why, with my lord, Madam.

Des. Who's thy lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none; do not talk to me, Æmilia. Pray, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember;

And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change, indeed! [Exit.]

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

Enter Iago and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam? how is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach your babes, Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks; He might have chid me so; for, in good faith, I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, Iago, my lord has so bewor'd her, Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her, That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I know not; I'm sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the day!

C

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Def. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Deserve him for't! how comes this trick

Def. Nay, heav'n doth know. [upon him?]

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there's no such man; it is impossible.

Def. If any such there be, heav'n pardon him!

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his
bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her
company?

What place? what time? what form? What like-
lihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n! that such companion thoud'st unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked thro' the world,
E'en from the east to th' west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. Oh, fie upon him! Some such 'squire he
That turn'd your wit the scamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Def. Alas, Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
I knew not how I lost him. Here I kneel;

[Kneeling.]

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly;
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Def. If 'twere no other—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant. [Trumpets.]
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilias.]

Enter Rodorigo to Iago.

How now, Rodorigo?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost't me with some device,
Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st
from me all convenience, than suppliest me with the
least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer
endure it. Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in
peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, Rodorigo?

Rod. Faith I have heard too much; and your words
and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have wasted my-
self out of my means. The jewels you have had
from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would have half
corrupted a votarist. You have told me, she hath
received them, and return'd me expectations and
comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I
find none.

Iago. Well, go to: very well.

Rod. Very well; go to; I cannot go to, man,
nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think it is scurvy,
and begin to find myself robb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, it is not very well. I will make
myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me
my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my
unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will
seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now—

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest in-
tendment of doing.

Iago. Why now, I see there's mettle in thee;
and even from this instant do I build on thee a bet-
ter opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand,
Rodorigo, thou hast taken against me a most just
exception; but, I protest, I have dealt most direct-
ly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and
your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.
But, Rodorigo, if thou hast that in thee, indeed,
which I have greater reason to believe now than
ever, (I mean, purpose, courage, and valour) this
night show it. If thou the next night following en-
joy not Desdemona, take me from this world with
treachery, and devil engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reason and
compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from
Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Des-
demona return again to Venice.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into Mauritania, and tak-
eth away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his
abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein
none can be so determinate, as the removing of
Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing him!

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's
place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a
right. He sups to-night with a harlot; if you
will watch his going thence, you may take him at
your pleasure; I will be near, to second your at-
tempt. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along
with me! I will show you such a necessity in his
death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it
on him. It is now high supper-time; and the night
grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.]

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Æmilias, and
Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble yourself no
further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night! I humbly thank your
ladyship.

Def. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Desdemona!

Def. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be re-
turn'd forthwith; dismiss your attendant there;
look it be done.

Def. I will, my lord.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir?

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than
he did. [Exit.]

Def. He says he will return immediately;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*, Give me my nightly weating, and adieu. We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would you had never seen him!

A C T V.

SCENE, a Street before the Palace.

Enter Iago and Rodorigo.

Iago. HERE, stand behind this bulk. Straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home; Quick, quick, fear nothing: I'll be at thy elbow. It makes us, or it mars us; think on that, And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed, Yet he hath given me satisfying reasons: 'Tis but a man gone. Forth my sword; he dies.

[Stands apart.]

Iago. Now whether he kill Cassio, Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, Every way makes my gain. Live Rodorigo, He calls me to a restitution large Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him, As gifts to Desdemona. It must not be.—If Cassio do remain, He hath a daily beauty in his life, That makes me ugly: and, besides, the Moor May unfold me to him! there stand I in peril; No, he must die. Be it so; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he! villain, thou diest.

[He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.]

Cas. That thrust had been my enemy indeed, But that my coat is better than thou know'st: I will make proof of thine.

[Fight. Iago cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit. Then Rodorigo and Cassio fall.]

Rod. Oh, I am slain.

Cas. I'm maim'd for ever; help, ho; murder.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder, murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very dire.

Rod. Nobody come! Then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, in his shirt, with a light and sword.

Gra. Here's one comes, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? Whose noise is this, that cries out murder?

Cas. Iago, oh, I am spoil'd, undone by villains! Give me some help.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout!

And cannot make away.

Rod. Oh, help me there!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murderous slave! oh villain!

[Iago stabs him.]

Rod. Oh, damn'd Iago! oh, inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men! 'th' dark! where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town! ho, murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, Sir.

[Lains.]

Iago. I cry you mercy! here's Cassio hurt by villain.

Gra. Cassio!

Iago. How is't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Know we this face,

Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman, Rodorigo! no: Yes, sure: yea, 'tis Rodorigo.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Rodorigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd:

He's almost slain, and Rodorigo dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. Æmilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd:

Will you go on afore?—This is the night,

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[Exeunt, Iago following.]

SCENE, a Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her Bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and a Sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul:

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster:

[Lays down the sword.]

Yet she must die; else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then—put out thy light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent; but once put out thy light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat

That can thy light relumeine.

[Sets down the taper.]

When I have pluck'd thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again;

It needs must wither.—I'll smell thee on the tree;

[Kissing her.]

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword!—One more; one more;

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee;

And love thee after.—One more, that's the last;

So sweet, was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,

But they are cruel tears; this sorrow's heavenly;

It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there! Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to-bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. It you bethink yourself of any crime

Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n and graves,

Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my lord,

What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No, (heavens forefend!) I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing!

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,

When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know

Since guilt I know not; yet I feel I fear. *[Not.]*

Orb. Think on thy sins.

Def. They're loves I bear to you.

Orb. Ay, and for that thou dyest.

Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;

These are portents: but yet, I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Orb. Peace, and be still.

Def. I will so: What's the matter?

Orb. That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st Cassio.

Def. No, by my life and soul; send for the man,

And ask him.

Orb. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury:

Thou art on thy death-bed.

Def. Ay, but not yet to die.

Orb. Presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Def. Oh, heaven have mercy on me!

Orb. I say, amen.

Def. And have you mercy too!--I never did

Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,

But with such general warranty of heav'n,

As I might love. I never gave him token.

Orb. By heav'n, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.

Oh perjur'd woman, thou dost stone my heart;

And mak'st me call what I intend to do

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.

I saw the handkerchief.

Def. He found it, then;

I never gave it him: send for him hither,

Let him confess a truth.

Orb. He hath confess'd.

Def. What, my lord?

Orb. That he hath--us'd thee--

Def. How! unlawfully?

Orb. Ay.

Def. He will not say so.

Orb. No; his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Def. My fear interprets, then---What, is he dead?

Orb. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!

Orb. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my

Def. O banish me, my lord, but kill me not. [face]

Orb. Down strumpet.

Def. Kill me to-morrow, but let me live to-night.

Orb. Nay, if you strive--

Def. But half an hour.

Orb. Being done, there is no pause.

Def. But while I say one prayer.

Orb. It is too late. [He smother's her.

Æmilia at the door.

Æmil. My lord, my lord! What ho! my lord, my lord!

Orb. What noise is this! Not dead! not yet quite

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful; [dead!]

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so.

Æmil. within.] What ho, my lord! my lord!

Orb. Who's there? [you.]

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, I would speak a word with

Orb. Yes, 'tis Æmilia--by and by--she's dead.

'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high--He, no more moving!

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good?

I think she stirs again--No--what's the best?

If she come in, she'll surely speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.

Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!

Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration--

Æmil. I beseech you,

That I may speak with you. O good my lord!

Orb. I had forgot thee; come in, Æmilia.

What's the matter with thee now? [Unlocks the door.

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murder

Orb. What! now! [done.]

Æmil. But now, my lord.

Orb. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more near the earth than she was wont,

And makes men mad.

Æmil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd

A young Venetian, called Rodorigo.

Orb. Rodorigo kill'd! and Cassio kill'd!

Æmil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Orb. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Def. Oh falsely, falsely murder'd!--

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Orb. That! what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice,

Help! help, ho! help! oh, lady, speak again;

Sweet Desdemona! oh sweet mistress, speak.

Def. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Def. Nobody, I myself, farewell.

Commend me to my lord! oh farewell. [Dies.

Orb. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Æmil. Alas! who knows?

Orb. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so, I must needs report the truth.

Orb. She's like a liar gone to burning hell;

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil. Oh, the more angel she, and you the blacker

devil.

Orb. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a devil.

Orb. She was false as water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false. Oh, she was heav'nly true.

Orb. Cassio did sup her; ask thy husband else.

Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband!

Orb. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock!

Orb. Ay, with Cassio: had she been true,

If heav'n would make me such another world,

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband!

Orb. What needs this iteration, woman?

I say, thy husband;

Do'st understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Æmil. If he says so, may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lyes to th' heart.

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Orb. Hah!--

Æmil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,

Than thou wast worthy her.

Orb. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me

As I have to be hurt: oh gull! oh dolt! [harm]

As ignorant as dirt! thou'st done a deed--

I care not for thy sword. I'll make thee known,

Tho' I lost twenty lives---Help! help! ho! help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder, murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mont. How now, General?

Emil. Oh, are you come, Iago? you have done well, That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this, villain, if thou be'st a man; He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false; I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a villain. Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lye; an odious, damned lye: Upon my soul, a lye, a wicked lye.

She false with Cassio! did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak; 'Tis proper I obey him, but not now: Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [*Othello falls on the bed.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh, she was foul! [*Rising.*]
I scarce did know you, uncle; there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopp'd;

I know this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I'm glad thy father's dead: Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now, This sight would make him do a desperate turn; Yea, curse his better angel from his side, And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows, That she with Cassio had the act of shame A thousand times committed. Cassio confess it; And she did gratify his amorous works With that recognizance and pledge of love Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand; It was an handkerchief, an antique token My father gave my mother.

Emil. Oh heaven! oh heavenly pow'rs! That handkerchief thou speak'st of, I found by fortune, and did give my husband; For often, with a solemn earnestness, (More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle) He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Filth, thou lyest.

Emil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen: Oh, murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool Do with so good a wife?

Iago breaks through, and wounds his wife, then runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder? precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Mont. Take this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor;
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain.

[*Exeunt Mont. and Gra.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whiffer gets my sword.
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. Moor, she was chaste: she lov'd thee,
cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*Emilia dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a sword of Spain, the Ebri's temper;
Oh, here it is: uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this single arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now—how dost thou look now? oh ill-star'd
wench!

Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Ev'n like thy chastity.

Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of that heav'nly sight;
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep down gulfs of liquid fire—
Oh Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! dead! oh, oh!
*Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded, Montano,
and Iago Prisoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello:

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a
fable.

If that thou beest a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, Sir, but am not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry, neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. Oh thou, Othello, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a curst slave,—
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:

An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you
know;

From this time forth I ne'er will speak a word.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Rodorigo;
And, here, another; one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Rodorigo.

Oth. Oh villain!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Rodorigo meant 't have sent this damned villain;
But that, be like, Iago in the intrin

Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

Cas. There is besides, in Rodorigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even now he spake,
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the state some service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate,

Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes,
Albeit unuse'd to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees,
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus.— [Stabs himself.
I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee.—No way but this,

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [To Desdemona. [Dies.

Lod. Oh Spartan dog! [To Iago.

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you. To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh! enforce it.
Myself will strat abroad; and, to the state,
This heavy act, with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.



peak

myself.
his,
mona.
Diet.
lago.

nor,

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